OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Was Built in 1735

The following lines by an unknown author were found written on its walls about 1841

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the Ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind
Where oft in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High;
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still forever more.

How doth Ambition's hope take Wing,
How droops the spirit now,
We hear the distant city's din,
The dead are mute below;
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves,
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again;
How would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

PUB. BY R. R. TOTTY, PETERSBURG, VA.

Post Card

FOR CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS